

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.
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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1778, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. The oldest printed in the English language. It has long been a weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, interesting and valuable. It has long been a source of information to the people of this and other states, the United States, and is a valuable source of information to the people of this and other states.

Local Matters.

Silver Wedding Surprise.

Colonel and Mrs. Frank P. King observed on Monday the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, and the occasion was marked by a very pleasant surprise by their hundreds of friends, under the direction of Mrs. Elmer E. Gifford. Entirely unknown to the couple a large number of friends had gathered in St. Paul's Lodge Room in Masonic Temple, and Colonel and Mrs. King were invited there under a business pretext. As they entered the room the wedding march was played by Congdon's Banjo Band, and they were escorted to seats under a bank of palms at the front of the room. Before they had time to recover from their surprise, Mrs. Gifford, in behalf of those present and many others who were unable to attend, presented them with a purse of silver, making the presentation in the form of an original poem. Mrs. Gifford also presented them with a handsome silver pitcher, the gift of Governor and Mrs. R. Livingston Beckman, who were detained by another engagement. Mr. Arthur G. King, in behalf of the many private chateaus of Newport, presented Colonel King with a handsome stick pin, taking occasion to express the appreciation by the chateaus of the universal kindness shown by Colonel King as the local representative of the State board of public roads. Colonel King acknowledged these gifts feelingly, speaking of the years of happy married life that he had enjoyed, and expressing the wish that all their friends might help celebrate their golden wedding anniversary.

An entertainment programme was then presented, under the direction of Mr. Donald E. Spears, the numbers comprising vocal solos by Mrs. J. Howard Radford, Mr. J. Lawrence Weaver, and Mr. John H. Allan, reading by Mrs. Alvah H. Sanborn, and a violin solo by Mr. Powell Kazanjian. Refreshments were served and informal dancing followed.

In the receiving line with Colonel and Mrs. King were their daughter, Mrs. Thomas M. Curry, and Mrs. King's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Andrew K. McMahon. The room was very attractively decorated with palms and potted plants and cut flowers, some being furnished by Mr. Thomas J. Gibson and some by License Commissioner John T. Allan. The affair was planned and carried out by Mrs. Elmer E. Gifford, to whose tireless efforts and careful planning the complete success of the affair was due.

A fire of unknown origin in an unoccupied room in a building on Long Wharf, owned by P. H. Horgan, was the cause of an alarm from box 123 on the Old Colony Round House Tuesday evening. The flames were quickly extinguished by the use of chemical streams, but an immense crowd was drawn down the wharf by the rush of the engines. The band concert on Washington Square lost a large part of its attendance in a very few minutes.

Ex-Governor Charles Warren Lippitt has entered a civil suit for damages against a chef for one of the summer residents, charging him with trespass. The case is generally regarded as a test case in regard to intrusion on private property near the Cliff Walk.

Rev. Stanley C. Hughes has been in Annapolis this week, where his son, Rowland Hughes, is entered in a preparatory school which fits for the Naval Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Peckham and Miss Etta Peckham are enjoying their annual visit to the White Mountain.

The Newport Garden Club has purchased the former Perkins-Brien estate on Hope avenue, and will make that the future home of the organization.

Ninety-Sixth Birthday.

Mr. Ara Hildreth, Newport's Grand Old Man, quietly observed the ninety-sixth anniversary of his birth on Wednesday. He is still enjoying excellent health in spite of his advanced years and nearly every day sees him out on the street, enjoying quiet walks about the city. His mind is clear and alert and he is thoroughly posted on all the important questions of the day. Advancing age has not caused him to lose interest in the cause of temperance, of which he has been a consistent advocate throughout his long life, and he is still able to raise his voice for the advancement of the cause at the meetings of the temperance organizations of which he is a member.

Although not a native Newporter, Mr. Hildreth has lived in this city much longer than the great majority of people who were born here. He first came to Newport in the early forties



ARA HILDRETH

and has since made this his home, taking part in many of the activities of the community. He has long been an active member of the First Baptist Church, serving for many years as a deacon. His Masonic record is one to be proud of. He was made a Master Mason in St. John's Lodge in 1846, and is a Past Master of St. John's Lodge, Past High Priest of Newport Chapter, R. A. M., Past Thrice Illustrious Master of DeBois Council, R. & S. M. He was secretary of the Lodge for 36 years, secretary of the Chapter for 32 years, recorder of the Council for 25 years, and was for a time Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Masons, and Grand Scribe of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter.

The MERCURY hopes that he will live to see many more birthdays. Mr. Hildreth is believed to be the oldest member of the order of the Sons of Temperance in the United States, being the only surviving charter member of Atlantic Division which was formed in 1851. He is also the Chaplain of the Cadets of Temperance. On the evening of his birthday, Mr. Hildreth was presented with a handsome bouquet of flowers in behalf of these organizations by Mr. Horatio B. Wood, Past Most Worthy Associate, the highest office in the order in the United States with one exception.

Controversy over School.

Last week, the board of aldermen formally voted to accept the new John Clarke school from the contractors, requiring a bond for the completion of a few details that cannot be finished until the old building is torn down. Pending the completion of the structure and the installation of the furniture, after which the building will be formally turned over to the care of the public school committee, the board delegated Frank P. Gomes as custodian of the building and turned the keys over to him, with Principal Dudley E. Campbell to supervise the installation. Monday morning, Mr. Robert C. Bachefer of the school committee, who is chairman of the sub-committee on buildings, directed Mr. Gomes to return the keys to the board of aldermen on the ground that the building had not been turned over to the school committee. Mr. Gomes delivered the keys to Alderman Hanley, who kept them for a time and then decided to turn them back to Mr. Gomes, who still has them.

Hon. Robert S. Burlingame was deprived of the use of his Studebaker automobile for a considerable time Tuesday evening, as a party of sailors decided that they would like to travel about the island a little. The car was left standing on Meeting street in the early evening, and when Mr. Burlingame went to look for it it was missing. It was traced through Middletown with the sailors aboard, and was finally found abandoned in the Point section of the city.

Sons of the Revolution.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, was held in the rooms of the Miantonomi Club on Tuesday evening, the anniversary of the Battle of Rhode Island. The business meeting was held at 7:00 o'clock, when various annual reports were read, and officers were elected as follows:

President—John P. Sanborn.
First Vice President—Asa B. Kennan.
Second Vice President—Howard G. Ward.
Secretary—Francis I. Greene.
Treasurer—Alvah H. Sanborn.
Registrar—Dwain P. Robinson.
Historian—Rev. William Safford Jones.
Chaplain—Rev. Stanley C. Hughes.
Surgeon—Dr. William A. Sherman.
Marshal—Frank P. King.
Board of Managers—The officers and Messrs. Frederick P. Garrettsen, Edward A. Sherman, Harry P. Wing, William R. Harvey, Thomas P. Peckham, James Powell Cozens, T. T. Pitman, and George B. Austin.

Delegates to the General Society—Messrs. John P. Sanborn, William Safford Jones and Francis I. Greene.
Alternates—George H. Bryant, James Powell Cozens and Howard G. Ward.
At 7:30 about forty members and guests sat down to an excellent dinner prepared by the Club chef, under the direction of Mr. Asa B. Kennan. The tables were attractively decorated with the colors of the Society, buff and blue, and the floral pieces were in the same colors. The two dining rooms were thrown together so that the tables ran at right angles to each other, with the officers and speakers seated at the point of the angle.

After cigars were lighted, President John P. Sanborn called the meeting to order, and welcomed the members briefly, presenting as the first speaker of the evening, Colonel William Paine Sheffield, who dwelt particularly upon the events of the Battle of Rhode Island, and the splendid showing made by the Colonial troops against the trained European regiments. There were no formal toasts, but a number of gentlemen were called upon to speak informally, including Rev. William Safford Jones, historian of the society; Past Presidents Frederick P. Garrettsen and Thomas P. Peckham, and Messrs. William R. Harvey, Harry A. Titus, Fred M. Hammett, and William H. Royce.

Labor Day.

Next Monday will be Labor Day and will be observed as a general holiday in this city. Most of the places of business will be closed, but there will be no formal observance of the day by the Labor Unions of this city. If the weather is good there should be a big crowd at the beach, both Sunday and Monday, as these days will practically mark the close of the excursion season. Preparations are being made to care for a large gathering on both days. On Labor Day the beach management will provide the usual gifts for the children, which always proves a gala occasion for the youngsters. Blocks numbered up to 1000 will be buried in the sand within a prescribed area, and when these are discovered the finder will be entitled to the gift bearing a corresponding number.

Ships Departed.

The ships of the great Atlantic fleet have departed for the southern drill grounds, greatly to the regret of many Newporters. According to the original plans the ships will not return to Narragansett Bay until another Spring comes around, yet there are rumors to the effect that they will be kept in the North until early winter. It is not generally believed that such a change in plans will be made this year, but there has been considerable talk of the desirability of acclimatizing the men to winter conditions so that another year the northern stay of the fleet may be prolonged.

The local postoffice authorities are endeavoring to locate a postal substation in the vicinity of Thames street and Washington square, but the business houses in that vicinity are not leaping at the opportunity to take over the business. The station was formerly located in the Hall & Lyon drug store, but was closed when Manager Ryan left the store. It was a big convenience to the neighborhood.

The third death from infantile paralysis occurred in this city on Monday, death resulting soon after the case was diagnosed. The latest victim of the disease was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Estner of Tilden avenue. The case cannot be traced to contact with any of the other known cases that have been discovered in the city. This was the thirteenth case for Newport this year.

The eighth annual ball for the benefit of the Newport Firemen's Relief Association was held at the State Armory on Monday evening, and as usual was largely attended, a large sum being netted for the fund.

Wedding Bel's.

James—Paine.
A very simple quiet wedding was held at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel Thursday noon, the bride being Miss Frederika Maria Paine, daughter of Mr. Frederick B. Paine of Newport, and the groom, Mr. Alexander Robertson James of Cambridge, Mass. The bride, who was unattended, was given away by her father, and the groom had as best man his brother, Mr. William James. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Latta Griswold of New York assisted by Rev. Robert Bachman also of New York.

The bride wore a simple dress of white messaline and her bridal veil, fastened with orange blossoms, was the one in which her mother was married. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Mr. Edward P. Lake of Newport, the chapel organist, was at the organ. The floral scheme was green and white, hydrangeas, lilies, and flowering vines being used effectively in the chancel. The lights were veiled in branches of green with sprays of Queen Anne's Lace. The decorating was done by a number of the bride's intimate friends. Only the immediate members of the two families were present owing to illness and to a recent death of one of the groom's relatives.

Schultz—Barker.
The wedding of Miss Mildred Coggeshall Barker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Alton Barker, and Mr. Irving Eugene Schultz of Joliet, Ill., took place at Emmanuel Church on Saturday evening, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., and the bride was given in marriage by her father. The bridal gown was of white net embroidered with silver, with a satin train, the bridal veil of duchess lace being caught up with orange blossoms.

A largely attended reception was held in the parish house, and a wedding supper was served. Later in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Schultz left on their wedding trip which will terminate at Joliet, Ill., where they will reside.

Williams—Sayer.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Maxson Sayer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Sayer, and Mr. Frederick Crawford Williams, took place in Kay Chapel on Wednesday evening, in the presence of a number of relatives and friends, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Charles Russell Peck, curate at Trinity Church.

The bride wore an attractive gown of white satin with a long tulle veil, and carried a bouquet of bride roses. She was attended by Miss Evelyn B. Lawton as maid of honor. Mr. Chester A. Riley was the best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Hugo R. A. Anthony, Henry L. Howatt, Guy R. Jacobs and Henry S. Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams left later in the evening for Providence where they took a steamer of the Merchants and Miners Line for a trip South. They will make their home in Newport for the present, Mr. Williams being a civil engineer in the employ of the United States Engineer Department.

Battle with a Burglar.

Patrolman William C. Barker of the Newport police force, armed with revolver and night stick, had a desperate battle with a burly colored burglar, armed with a malicious meat cleaver, in the Marlborough market on Thames street shortly before daylight Sunday morning. The policeman was victorious in the encounter, sending his prisoner to the station handcuffed, but later both officer and prisoner had to be taken to the Newport hospital for treatment. Patrolman Barker was soon discharged after a bullet was removed from his leg, but the burglar will require considerable treatment before he will be able to leave the hospital.

It was about 4 o'clock Sunday morning that Officer Barker saw a suspicious movement in the Marlborough market at the corner of Marlborough and Thames streets, and he immediately made an investigation. Breaking down the door, he entered the store and was at once engaged in a desperate struggle with the intruder. The policeman fired several shots with his revolver, and once, when the burglar had grasped the weapon, a shot was discharged that entered the policeman's leg. A vigorous use of the night stick finally brought the man under control and the handcuffs were slipped on to his wrists just as other policemen arrived on the scene, having been summoned by neighbors who were aroused by the shots.

At the police station the prisoner was booked as William L. Smith, employed as cook on the destroyer Paulding. He is a big negro, possessed of great strength and proved a formidable opponent. At the Hospital he was found to be badly wounded but not dangerously so.

The Newport & Fall River cars will start on their winter schedule next Tuesday.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. Micah J. Talbot.
Rev. Micah J. Talbot, D. D., the first superintendent of public schools in Newport, and the oldest minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England, died on Wednesday at the home of his son, Mr. Emory H. Talbot, in Dorchester, Mass. Dr. Talbot passed his ninety-fifth birthday last February and had been in poor health for some time, being greatly weakened by the infirmities of age.

Dr. Talbot was stationed in Newport as pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in 1857-8, and in June, 1865, was chosen the first superintendent of schools, serving for a little less than two years. In 1866-67 he was engaged in partnership with the late L. D. Davis as proprietors of the Newport Daily News, leaving Newport in 1868 to become pastor of a church in Pawtucket.

He had resided with his son in Dorchester in late years, his advanced age having made it impossible for him to continue his ministerial labors.

Sunday Thunderstorms.

Two lively thunder storms passed over the city early Sunday evening, bringing to an effectual close all outdoor activities for the day. Both showers were accompanied by a few vivid flashes of lightning and some sharp thunder cracks but little damage was done to property in this vicinity. In Middletown a hay stack on the Oxden farm was struck and burned. Rain fell in torrents for a time, a total rainfall of about a half-inch being recorded.

The sudden storm caused a hasty dispersal of the crowds on the lawn of the Newport Casino, who sought more sheltered places to hear the remainder of the musical programme. At the beach the people sought the shelter of the convention hall and other indoor spots, but the great majority of the Sunday excursionists had departed for their homes much earlier. Many of them were caught in the rain after leaving Newport, however.

It had been a good day at the beach in spite of threatening weather conditions in the morning. The trolleys and boats brought in large crowds, and the number of automobiles along the road back of the beach was about as large as at any time during the summer. Autoists have good ground for complaint over the difficulty of reaching Newport, as the road conditions out on the island are abominable. The repairs to the main road over the Stone Bridge necessitates a long detour over a lane back of Island Park, where it is difficult for two vehicles to pass and where the dust lies almost hub deep. At the two-mile corner there is another bad condition on account of repairs to the road over Town House hill. The "improved" section of the road near the Stone Bridge seems to be very dangerous as the new section is raised much above the old level, leaving an unguarded embankment.

Block Island Hotel Burned.

The Hygeia Hotel at Block Island was totally destroyed by fire late Monday evening, some of the guests and employees being compelled to leave the house clad only in their night garments. The fire was a spectacular one, lighting up the sky for many miles and being plainly visible from the water front in this section.

The fire started in the cupola of the hotel and when discovered at about 11 o'clock had made such headway that with the small fire fighting force available it was impossible to check the progress of the flames. Most of the guests had retired for the night and members of the hotel force rushed through the house notifying all of the fire. Some were able to dress before leaving their rooms but others rushed to the open air in their sleeping garments. An alarm was given in the village and a bucket brigade was formed, but nothing could be done to save the hotel. Barns and other out buildings stood near the hotel, but the direction of the wind prevented them from catching fire.

The Hygeia Hotel occupied one of the most sightly spots on the island. It stood on the hill just as the road dips down to the New Harbor, being less than half a mile from the end of the wharf. The original building was built some thirty years ago, but two long wings were added some years ago when the property was purchased by the Champlins—the late Senator Christopher E. Champlin and his brother, Dr. John C. Champlin. It contained about 100 rooms, but it is said that there were only about fifty guests in the house at the time of the fire, as the season had begun to wane.

While nothing definite is known, it is generally believed that because of the death of Senator Champlin and the poor health of Dr. Champlin, it will not be rebuilt.

Thursday was the annual donation day at the Home for the Aged on Washington street and a gratifyingly large number of gifts were received.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular Correspondent.)
Mrs. Annie White, who has been spending the past five weeks with Mr. and Mrs. John R. Manchester, has returned to her home in Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertram V. Morse of Providence spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion McAllister Smith, who have spent the past two years in Petrograd, Russia, have sailed for home and will visit the former's sister, Mrs. Augustus L. Wilbur, and Mr. Wilbur at La Mont Farm.

Mrs. Edward Laine, Miss Florence Laine and Mr. George Laine, who have been spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith, have returned to their home in Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. S. A. Carter has returned to her home after a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. George Hicks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sisson and son Robert, of Providence, are visiting Mrs. Hannah Sisson.

Mrs. Harry Dale left Thursday for Lewes, Delaware, to visit her father, Mr. Henry Fish, and other relatives.

Miss Sarah Hall has returned from a visit to Falmouth, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Maurice of Bristol Ferry are being congratulated upon the birth of twin boys.

Miss Caroline Hammond of Newport has been guest of Mrs. Isaac Gray.

Mrs. George Peck of New York has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Holman. On Tuesday Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Holman and Clifton Holman, Jr., were the guests of Miss Carolyn D. Anthony.

Oakland Lodge, I. O. O. F., are planning a chabuck to be held at Oakland Hall next week.

Rev. Robert Downing gave a dramatic reading at the Christian Church on Friday evening. It was entitled "The House of Rimmon," and was a success both artistically and financially. During the intermission cake, candy and ice cream were on sale. The proceeds are to be used to purchase new hymn books.

Miss Carolyn D. Anthony is visiting Miss Mary L. Lamb of New Bedford.

Mrs. Theodore S. Lawton is ill at Highland Hospital, Fall River.

Miss Dorthea G. Tallman, who has been spending the summer with her aunt, Miss Emma A. Tallman, left Thursday for Keene, N. H.

The Sunday School of the Methodist Episcopal Church held the annual picnic at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Wyatt of Tiverton. About 80 attended. Swings were put up for the young children and there were many games in which all took part. Luncheon consisting of chowder, sandwiches, cake, cookies, lemonade and ice cream was served on the lawn.

Miss Mary Barclay, who has been spending a week in Providence, has returned to her home at Glen Farm.

Mrs. Harold Peckham of Glen street is very ill at the Newport Hospital.

Mr. Paul Shimmion gave an interesting talk at St. Mary's Rectory Thursday evening, his theme being the Syrian Church.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Elliott have been entertaining Mrs. Boyd and son of Taunton.

The Sunday School of St. Mary's Church will not open the first of September as is customary, it being deemed wiser to wait some time longer.

There was a meeting of the School Committee in the Newtown school recently when it was voted to re-open the schools September 25th.

Miss Martha Ashley has been spending the week with Miss Carol Davis of Everett, Mass.

Mrs. Andrew J. Durfee and her two children, of Tiverton, spent the week-end with Mrs. Durfee's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Brayton.

Allen Smith, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith, fell and cut his hand on a piece of glass. A physician was called to dress the wound.

Mrs. C. W. Wainman Chase is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Peabody of Middletown.

Mr. Isaac Chase, Jr., is building a cottage on his land on East Main Road near the Middletown line.

Mrs. Merle Holman of Springfield, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. Clifton T. Holman.

Mrs. Charles Ashley entertained the Helping Hand Society on Tuesday. The attendance was smaller than usual.

Miss Catherine White who has been spending the past few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ashley has returned to her home in Fall River. Mrs. Ashley has also been entertaining Miss Elizabeth Simmons and Mr. Henry Stone also of Fall River.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Fish of Watertown, Mass., are visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Clara Manchester is visiting her brother-in-law, Dr. Harry Manchester and Mrs. Manchester of Saylesville, R. I. Mrs. M. A. Steele has returned from a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Malone have returned from a visit to Mrs. Susan Hambley of Brookline, Mass.

Mrs. Berkeley Wyatt has moved from the cottage belonging to William C. Dennis to the tenement over her store.

Conductor William E. Barrett of the local street railway was struck by a passing automobile while collecting fares on the running board of his car Monday afternoon, receiving injuries to his legs. A year ago, he was knocked from his car by an automobile and was badly injured.

Under Fire

By RICHARD PARKER

Based on the drama of
ROD COOPER MEGHUN

Author of "Under Cover" and co-author
of "It Pays to Advertise"

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Jeanne Christophe urged him to hide. But Larry's first thoughts were of the little Belgian girl. He turned to her, directed her to go to Tourville, where Madame de Lorde would hide her. "Tell Madame de Lorde to wait for me," Larry said, "but to go on alone." Even as he spoke he heard footsteps. "Say I have escaped—that I went that way!" he whispered to Jeanne, pointing down the road—in the opposite direction from that in which Tourville lay. Then Captain Redmond crouched behind the counter, where Ethel had successfully hidden.

When the major and his men found the stricken spy in a heap on the floor Jeanne Christophe explained that as she came into the room another officer had pulled out a knife and stabbed Streetman.

The man was not dead. As his friends bent over him he raised himself on his elbow and tried to speak. But he could only utter a few disconnected words.

"The English spy? Where did he go?" Von Breug asked him.

By a mighty effort Streetman managed to answer him.

"Tourville," he said.

The Germans lost no time in calling out the guard. They did not intend to let their quarry escape. And they at once rushed out of the inn and hurried down the street.

Flinding himself alone in the room, Captain Redmond picked up the telephone—the instrument that Ethel had tried so unsuccessfully to use.

"Hello, hello! This is Courtoisler!" he said to the person who immediately answered him in French. "They're marching by the left fork, at midnight!" He dropped the telephone then. And he glanced at Streetman, who lay quite still. "Trench 27 eh?" Larry said reflectively. Already he

was altering his plans to suit the requirements of the occasion. Then his hand traveled swiftly to his revolver butt as a German soldier-chauffeur threw open the door and saluted.

"What is it?" Larry asked.

"An officer here ordered an automobile. For whom is it?"

"Ah, yes—it is for me," Captain Redmond said. He remembered that Streetman had sent for a car with the intention of following Ethel

"To Tourville?" the driver inquired, as they both turned toward the door.

"No! To the British lines!" the Irishman answered. He sprang into the car. And the driver promptly engaged his clutch. "Drive like hell!" Captain Redmond cried.

The chauffeur proceeded to follow those instructions so far as his limitations would allow him. With muffled wheels open, they went tearing up the road.

And back there in the Lion d'Or Streetman struggled to rise. Falling that, he endeavored to drag himself to the door. But he was not equal to the ordeal. He could only murmur "Stop him! Stop him!" in a weak voice. And since there was none to hear him, he soon ceased his frantic efforts and lay quietly in the middle of the floor.

CHAPTER XXI.

An Interrupted Game of Cards.

While the oncoming battle of Germans had been pushing their way through Belgium, smashing forts, burning villages, terrorizing the peace-loving inhabitants of that little country, the French and English had done what they could to prepare for the impending shock of the Tenth attack.

The worst of it was, the Germans were ready, and the allies were not. The British expeditionary force numbered but a handful of men, compared to the hosts from across the Rhine.

But that "thin red line of steel"—only they were called—had been trained in the art of the offensive.

But as rebellions

with bulldog determination. They had swept out as far as they dared to meet the invader. And then they entrenched themselves; and there they waited.

That was the worst part of it all—the waiting. Heart-rending reports of happenings in many Belgian villages came to the British, for Courtoisler was only one of many hamlets that had tragically to relate. And the British were powerless to aid those stricken people.

Trench 27—the English trench which Streetman had indicated upon his map as being the key to the enemy's defense—lay in the first line of the British. All unconscious of any special designs that the Germans might have against their particular position, the Tommies stationed there proceeded to put things in shape for the general action that was bound to come.

After completing their grim arrangements, there was little for them to do for the time being, except rest. And that they were glad enough to do, after their heretofore exertions of those first days of the war. That there was worse ahead of them they did not doubt. But in the meantime there was no reason why they should not make themselves at home.

It was night—the second night following that fatal day when the Germans descended upon the Lion d'Or and robbed Jeanne Christophe of her father. In Trench 27 four soldiers were playing poker under the shelter of a bombproof hut that they had constructed by digging into a side of the ditch. Dirty, unshaven, begrimed, they were nevertheless enjoying to the full their well-earned respite. And the flickering light of the candle which stood upon their rude table revealed no fear upon the face of any of them.

At other end of the trench two men stood guard, while close at hand a periscope lay upon a makeshift bench, ready for instant use in case the watchers should detect any unusual and suspicious movements in front of them. Out there beneath the stars the first outpost of the enemy had already dug itself in. And in testimony of their alertness the Germans continually played a searchlight upon the British position. That prying shaft of light was never still. Now it swept the top of Trench 27, now flickered upon a tree close by, and then searched the intervening ground between the two lines in an effort to detect some venturesome observer.

To the four privates in the bombproof shelter there came a momentary interruption, in the shape of a lieutenant, who sauntered into their trench from the left. This youthful officer, whom they had already voted "a bit of all-right," observed them pleasantly.

"Hello, boys!" he said.

They sprang up and saluted, murmuring "Good evening, sir!"

"How's the game?" the lieutenant inquired.

"Henry, there, is winning all our cigarettes," one of the men said.

The young officer smiled. And then, drawing a pencil and a postcard from his pocket, he seated himself and proceeded to write a note to a young woman in London. For Guy Falconer had consistently kept his promise to write Georgy every day.

The privates promptly resumed their poker game.

"I raise it one cigarette," one of them said. And again Guy smiled. He was glad that his boys were enjoying themselves.

So engrossed did Lieutenant Falconer become in his note to his lady love that he did not notice when his captain appeared, in the company of a civilian. Captain Montague paused and turned to his guest.

"Now, Mr. Brown," he said, "you're in the first line of the English trenches—Trench 27—and I may say you're the only American correspondent who has had this experience."

Charlie Brown looked about with undisguised interest.

"And I rather butted in," he remarked.

"Well, as long as you stumbled inside our lines, you might as well see something. If you give me your word not to write anything."

"That's a nice thing to say to a newspaper man," Charlie retorted.

"But I have your word?"

"I spoke so!" it cost Mr. Brown some effort to promise that. He saw the makings of a bully scoop before him. And he hated to forego such a wonderful opportunity.

"The closer you are to the front, the less you know of what's happening," Captain Montague resumed, "except on your own very small square of a very large checkerboard."

But, technically, you are under fire."

"Am I?" Mr. Brown was surprised at that. "Something, I don't feel any different," he said.

"You would if you stuck your head over that trench and they happened to see it," the captain told him grimly.

"Well—believe me, I'm not going to," said Charlie. "Aren't they unusually quiet tonight?"

"Yes, rather. But always before the evening's over they give us a bit of fireworks and go for some of our men with a lucky shrapnel or two. You see, they try to get our range in the daytime, and then at night they shoot at the same range."

Charlie Brown and his escort had not talked long before Guy Falconer came out of his abstraction. He raised his head all at once and looked inquiringly at the civilian. Then he jumped up and approached Charlie with outstretched hand.

"I thought I recognized that voice!" he exclaimed. "Do you remember me, Charlie Brown?"

"Hello, Guy!" the delighted American cried. "So you did come over to the front, after all? Didn't I say you would?"

"Yes! I came over with the first batch—brilliant recruiting sergeant! And here I am!" But what are you doing at the front?"

Charlie explained how he had fallen into the hands of the Germans, how they had set him free and started him on his way. But as rebellions

ature had revolted; and during his day and traveled by night, he had made straight for the place where he understood the British to be entrenched.

Mr. Brown had scarcely finished his brief recital when there followed an ominous whistle, which seemed to come from over his head. Off in the distance there was a flash and an explosion.

"What's that?" the American asked.

"Oh, just one of our shells traveling somewhere to our friends, the enemy," the captain informed him.

"That will probably start their evening song," Guy remarked.

"They needn't hurry on my account," Charlie said.

For a few minutes they stood there, discussing the war.

"What's it for?" the newspaper man asked. "There's no individual hatred—no great, soul-stirring emotional crisis behind it all."

"But England was forced into it," Captain Montague interposed.

"And I dare say France and Russia and Austria all feel they were forced into it, too," Charlie replied. "That's the whole trouble. Each nation believes honestly that it's in the right, and in some way I suppose each of them is."

"I don't know—I'm not a big enough man to attempt to say."

"And what good is it?"

"It is that militarism shall cease—that never again can there be another war like this," the English captain told him.

As they talked, a doctor, accompanied by two stretcher-bearers, entered the trench, and, finding that there was no need for their services in that quarter, they passed on.

"That's the Red Cross," Captain Montague explained, nodding the journalist's interest in the tale. Following close upon his words came another of those sinister whistles.

"That's one of their shells," the captain continued, meaning the Germans.

At the information Mr. Brown promptly ducked and huddled down upon the bench under the overhang of the trench.

"You needn't duck, old man! It wouldn't do you any good," the elder officer remarked. "Anyway, that shell was on its way toward one of our batteries," he added, pointing to their rear.

"Well, now they've started, anyway," Guy said.

"Sometimes they fire only one or two shots—and then again they go on all night," his senior officer explained.

Stopping to the field telephone, which rang insistently, Captain Montague received a message from the battery posted some distance behind. When Guy Falconer learned that some light bombs were to be let off, he begged the captain to let him climb the tree that rose near one end of the trench, in order that he might try to get the range of the German guns.

The captain did not like the idea. He had been cautioned not to expose his men—and especially his officers—unnecessarily. And he warned Guy that he might get picked off by a German sniper.

"Not a chance!" Guy protested.

"Please! It would be ripping really to do something."

The captain perceived that the inclination of waiting for an attack was fast setting Guy's nerves on edge. And at last he gave his consent.

For a little time Guy called out directions to the captain, who stood at the telephone relaying Guy's instructions to the battery. In the light furnished by the British bands the youthful lieutenant carefully watched the effect of the shells that whistled over their heads and burst increasingly nearer to the Tenth artillery.

"Right on a gun!" Guy shouted at last. "I saw it crumple! That's it! Keep the range at twenty-nine fifty!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth before he came toppling from his perch. The captain and one of the privates caught the limp figure just before it struck the ground, and they laid him tenderly upon the dirt floor of Trench 27.

"They've got him. . . . He's not dead, though. . . . Captain Montague knelt beside the lad and bent over him. And a corporal with some knowledge of first-aid procedure undertook to stop Guy's bleeding. He was seriously wounded—that much was clear. And he was unconscious.

"Heavily dull"—so Guy had been writing Georgy Wagstaff. "Awfully hot—not too exciting. Haven't seen a German or any decent food. But that doesn't matter. Tell mother I'm being careful."

"Poor kid!" Charlie Brown exclaimed. "It was a grim business—war!"

"Sad—very sad," the captain agreed. "But perhaps he'll pull through; and if he doesn't—well! forgive me, Mr. Brown, if I seem heartless—but remember, this is new to you and he's only one, and I've seen so many!"

Captain Montague noticed that the American correspondent was white and somewhat unsteady.

"I feel a bit shaken. Do you mind if I go back now?" Charlie asked.

"Certainly not!"

"If I come across the surgeon or any of the Red Cross, you don't mind if I send them back, do you?" Charlie wanted to do what he could to help his friend.

The captain readily gave his assent. "I'm through with war," Charlie Brown said as he shook hands with Montague. "I'm off to London. I'll see his mother there, and that kid girl of his—and then go to New York, where there's no war, thank God! And you know, Cap, when I'm home, sitting at my desk, looking down over Broadway where war only means some more headlines on the front page about some unpronounceable places, and you turn over the paper to see how stocks closed, or who won the game—when I'm back there and the war stuff comes over the wire, I'll be thinking of you fellows over here under fire, and I'll be wishing you luck, old man, the best of luck!"

The captain thanked him; and they said good-by.

Charlie lingered for one last look

at the wounded Guy.

"I hope you pull through, old boy!" he said; he knew, though, that Guy could not hear him. "Do what you can for him, won't you?" he asked the captain. "I know his mother. . . . This whole business is hell, isn't it?"

CHAPTER XXII.

A Meeting in the Trenches.

Charlie Brown had gone, and Captain Montague had ordered his men to place Guy upon a heap of straw, where he must lie until the doctor came. In Trench 27 an atmosphere of sadness had succeeded the air of light-hearted carelessness that Charlie Brown had found when he arrived there. The candle still flickered upon the table round which the poker players had lately sat. But all thought of that frivolous game had vanished from their minds. It was not that they had not already seen many of their men shot down. But Guy Falconer had quickly endeared himself to all—officers and enlisted men alike. And now that he had received his billet, in the German bullet, there was not one soul in Trench 27 that was not both sobered and sad.

But they had little time to bestow upon a contemplation of war's horrors. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed after Charlie Brown's departure when a sergeant appeared, holding a prisoner by the arm.

It was Streetman—that prisoner. And he was far from presenting the jaunty figure that usually distinguished him. His clothing—civilian clothing—was badly torn, his face was scratched and dirty, and his right arm was in a sling. The man's hat was gone, too.

The sergeant reported to his captain that while on patrol duty he had caught the fellow skulking around.

"He came from the German lines," he said.

Captain Montague held the candle to Streetman's face.

"And in civilian's clothes? A spy, eh?" he exclaimed.

"No, no, captain! An Englishman—a loyal Englishman!" Streetman protested.

They searched him; but found nothing of importance.

"He's got some kind of cock-and-bull story about being wounded and then—"

"Sergeant started to say, when—"

"Never mind that! I tell you I've information that's vital to England," he insisted.

But the captain was still suspicious of him.

"My name's Lee—Walter Lee," Streetman asserted, "formerly of the British army. I've been in business in Belgium—the automobile business. My papers there will prove what I say. The Germans took my factory—kept me prisoner all night in the cellar. That's when I learned their plans from some major—Major von Breug and a Captain Karl. I could listen to them talking—there were holes in the door from that shell fire. I realized what it would mean to England if I could bring word to the British army of this secret plan of the Germans. During the night I managed to escape through the cellar window. They followed me, and I got one of their bayonets in the

shoulder. They left me for dead; but it was only a flesh wound. And for the last twenty hours I've been seeking the British position somewhere near Trench 27—for that's the vital spot—when your sergeant caught me."

"Trench 27, eh?" the captain said.

"Yes!" Streetman answered eagerly. "Is it near here?"

"Remember, sir, you are not questioning me," Captain Montague replied. "So you won't believe me? Yet you're looked at my papers. Don't they convince you?"

"Papers are easily forged," Montague told him. Still, he was somewhat impressed by the other's glib tale, and he allowed the captive to proceed with his story.

"The Germans are to attack tonight in force at your Trench 27, in the hope of cutting through the British lines," Streetman continued. "Your only chance is to bring up every possible man to protect that trench. Otherwise we'll be beaten. You see what it means. . . . Ah! There's your field telephone! Let me communicate with headquarters! They'll understand!"

He started for the telephone.

But Captain Montague sprang in front of him.

"Keep away from that instrument!" he commanded. And, turning to the sergeant, he ordered him to take the prisoner to headquarters. "You can explain to them," he informed Streetman.

"By then it may be too late," the fellow replied. "Their attack was to

be at midnight."

"Indeed!" the English officer exclaimed dryly. "It's past midnight now." And straightway he became more doubtful than ever of the stranger's story.

"Then they're likely to charge any minute," the spy declared with well-stimulated alarm. "I've got to telephone. It's for England! I beg of you to believe me! Let me inform headquarters—let them decide! Do you dare take the responsibility?"

One of the privates on guard suddenly called out.

"Something crawling out there, captain! Looks like a man!"

The sergeant faced to the front, with gun ready for action.

"He's coming this way!" another soldier cried.

Streetman saw another chance for his plan to succeed, and he quickly seized it.

"You see, captain, it's the start of their attack!" he said excitedly. "For God's sake let me telephone!" he begged.

At last Captain Montague was convinced.

"Quickly then—telephone!" he said. And while Streetman sprang to the instrument, the British officer ordered his men to their stations. "Keep your eyes open—and give 'em the best we've got!" he urged them.

Meanwhile, out there in the moonlight between the two lines of trenches, that dark figure crawled nearer. Rifle fire crackled out from the German watchers, and the skulker broke into a stumbling run.

"They're tryin' to get him from the other side!" one of the Britishers cried.

"Another trick to fool us!" Captain Montague observed.

Streetman was already asking headquarters to connect him with General French or one of his staff, when the approaching form gained the English trench. The man climbed up the face of the earth embankment, and shouting, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I'm not German—I'm Irish!" he peered down at the alert faces turned up to his.

It was Larry Redmond—that disheveled man who clung to the top of the bomb-proof shelter. He was still in the German uniform, but without hat or coat, which he had cast aside, while he ran, for greater safety when he should reach his goal. He had no desire to stop a bullet intended for a German. And that uniform was damning.

"Stay where you are!" Montague called to him. "Boys, if he moves, fire!" he told his men.

"I'm Redmond! Captain Redmond of the Irish Guards!" Larry cried. "I've been on special service inside their lines, and they don't near get me. By their maps this is Trench 27, isn't it? I'll explain in a minute."

"You'll have to do a lot of explaining," Montague told him.

"Tell me—has anyone been here—someone you don't know—a passin'—himself out perhaps for a Britisher, bringin' you some news—some word?"

"Some word of what?" Captain Montague asked.

"I don't know—I can't make out!" Larry shouted desperately. "But there's mischief ahead for Trench 27. I've seen their maps; and one of their spies—"

He paused as Streetman's voice caught his attention. The disguised German spy had at last succeeded in getting someone in authority to receive his message. And now he was delivering his false information.

"Who's that speaking?" Larry asked the English captain sharply. And immediately he answered his own question. "It's Strassman, captain! I know him. He's a German spy! Don't let him telephone! It's a trick!"

In his eagerness to stop that disastrous message he forgot the warning that Montague had given his men, and the wild-eyed Irishman rose to his feet.

The British fired point-blank at him. But Larry sensed his danger just in time. He dropped flat upon his face on the top of the bombproof and the bullets whistled over him.

Captain Montague was impressed with Larry's news, and he ordered Streetman to put down the telephone. He thought the matter worth further investigation.

"Strassman, don't you remember me?" Larry asked the man at the telephone.

But Herr Strassman's iron nerve did not desert him even then.

"By God! It's Captain Karl of the German army! And in our very trenches!" he exclaimed. "He's the man whose plans I overheard!"

"That's a pretty good bluff, captain! Don't let him fool you!" Larry cautioned the English officer. "Drop that telephone!" he shouted, as Streetman resumed his conversation with headquarters. And as a last resort Captain Redmond shot the instrument from the spy's grasp. Then, under cover of the hubbub Larry leaped inside the trench.

"D—n you, Redmond!" Streetman swore. For the moment his hatred betrayed him.

"Redmond!" Larry repeated joyfully. "You bear, captain? He knows who I really am! He called me Redmond!" And as Streetman edged near the outlet to the trench the Irishman cried, "Don't let him get away, sergeant!"

Several men grabbed Streetman then.

"Captain—here's my revolver!" Larry held his weapon out to Montague. "Put me under arrest till you investigate," he said.

"Thank you, Redmond," the English officer replied. He was vainly relieved. "You've done us a great service; and he nearly fooled us. My God—he nearly fooled us!" he repeated, as he realized the danger that Larry had so narrowly averted. "Now he'll pay for it!" he cried. "Sergeant—stand that man against the trench!"

"Boys!"

"Don't shoot me like that! I tell you I'm innocent!" Streetman was begging for his life now.

But even his life was not spared. The sergeant ordered him to be shot. An enemy airplane had darted out above their lines. One of the British privates cried it was it was almost above them, and as they

paused to watch it the plane slowed

visibly.

"That means she'll drop a bomb!" a Tommy observed.

"Sure—they never hit anything!" Captain Redmond jeered.

But this time Larry was mistaken. As he spoke, something came hurtling down to earth.

"Look out, boys! For God's sake look out!" Captain Montague could no more keep back his involuntary warning than he could stave the death that threatened them.

In another moment there was a terrible explosion. Trench 27 rocked with the force of it. The bombproof shelter fell as if it were made of cardboard, burying them beneath it. The heap-up of dirt at the top of the trench was scattered like so much sawdust.

There was no longer any light in that little inferno except what came from the starry heavens. Men—or what had once been men—lay motionless where the powerful explosive had flung them. Others had vanished as if into thin air—never to return. And for a few brief moments all was silent.

Then a commotion stirred in the shadows. It was Captain Montague. One of the flinders from the roof of the shattered bombproof had fallen upon his left leg and, weak as he was from his injuries, he could not release it.

"Boys, take that damn off my leg!" he called faintly. "I can't move! Take it off, I tell you!" He called several of his men by name. But no one answered. He groaned then, as he struggled to rise, and fell back fainting.

The telephone buzzer began to call insistently. And there was one man who heard it. Larry had been stunned for a few seconds. How he might be wounded he had not the slightest idea; but that he was hurt he had not the slightest doubt. He could barely move, as consciousness returned to him. But until the call of the telephone roused him further he had been content to lie where he fell—and rest. That signal, however, spurred him to dogged effort.

"The telephone! It isn't smashed!" he cried. "Oh, God! Let me get to that telephone! If they attack us now we're done for!" He dragged himself along the littered floor of the trench for a few feet, then sank down with a groan. "Oh, my God! My leg!" he moaned. And then he drifted into a delirium. His mind wandered back to Ethel Willoughby. And once more he found himself in Sir George Wagstaff's house in London, pleading with her to marry him. . . . Soon he gained control of his befuddled brain again.

"I've got to get to

The Mercury.

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A special session of the Vermont legislature has extended the right to soldiers on the border to vote there, both in primaries and the November election. Massachusetts will undoubtedly take similar action.

From an estate of \$11,000,000 to less than \$5 represents the decline in fortunes of Patrick Calhoun, a former San Francisco traction magnate, in the past five years, as revealed by the application for a receiver for his property, in a suit for unpaid office rent.

Both republicans and democrats are preparing to use the "movies" in the Presidential campaign. The republicans have contracted for a photoplay in which Charles F. Hughes will play the leading role. Col. Roosevelt and William R. Willcox, national chairman, will also appear.

New Hampshire governor's council has been advised that the "Old Man of the Mountain" is losing his head. This famous White Mountain profile is formed of three large masses of rock, the topmost of which (20 feet long and weighing around 20 tons) has moved at least two feet during recent winters through the action of snow and ice. The proposition for making it secure through masonry work is being considered.

Congress panic stricken, with Wilson worse than panic stricken, is going to surrender to the strikers without reserve. The brotherhoods, getting all they have asked for, say they are satisfied—for the present. They will ask for more later. Meanwhile the railroads will be allowed to recoup themselves—in part at least—by higher freight and passenger rates. As usual, the public pays the bill. How long will the great class of consumers stand this sort of thing?

The National Campaign committee has given out the following:—If the country votes at the presidential election this year as it voted at the Congressional election of 1914, Hughes will carry California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Those States have 256 votes in the electoral college, a majority of which is only 260. In each of these States, two years ago, the Republican Congressional ticket received a clear plurality of votes. In these States combined the Republican candidates for Congress received 4,076,157 votes, while the Democratic candidates for Congress received only 3,182,568 votes—the total Republican plurality being 893,589.

It looks now as though, thanks to President Wilson's aid, the railroad strike will go into effect next Monday morning and the business of the entire nation will be paralyzed by the action of the best paid body of employees in the country. The four great brotherhoods have acted in a most arbitrary manner, and the President, for political reasons, practically siding with them, has given the strike leaders courage to hold out for their full demands. It hardly seems possible that any body of supposedly patriotic men would be willing to arbitrarily bring such an amount of ruin on the country. The strike is nothing more nor less than a demand for higher pay. The brotherhoods want ten hours pay for eight hours work. When they get that, shortly will come further demands. It is very evident that the great body of employees do not desire a strike, but the men are so terrorized by their leaders that an honest expression cannot be obtained.

During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, with the Republican tariff law in operation, Canada sent us \$1,666,500 worth of butter, cheese, cream and milk, fresh and condensed, and for the privilege of selling these products in the American market, she paid a nice little net into the Federal Treasury in the shape of customs revenue. Then the Underwood tariff law was passed putting milk and cream on the free list, making a 61 per cent reduction in the duty on butter and about a 50 per cent reduction in the duty on cheese. That law took effect October 4, 1913, and the importations of these four products up to the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914, totaled \$2,341,083, a 100 per cent increase and a big gain realized as revenue. During the fiscal year 1915 Canada sent us \$3,270,000 worth of these dairy products, or an increase of nearly 40 per cent, on which we realized a pinch of revenue. Not only do these Canadian importations displace good American products, but the revenue lost thereby has to be made up by internal taxation. The consumer has not saved a dollar, as there has been no reduction in price, and the farmer and producer have lost many dollars.

Massachusetts' cities are rejoicing over the denial by the Public Service Commission of that State of the petition of the Bay State Street Railway Company for an increase of fares. Some of the suburbanites will not be so happy, however, as the Commission will allow an increase on certain lines when the proposition is presented in proper form.

"Keeping us out of War."

The chief accomplishment of President Wilson according to his admirers is keeping us out of war with other countries. Even Secretary of War Baker, says that "Keeping the United States out of war" is the principal claim upon which President Wilson bases his fight for reelection. "The fact that we are at peace," he says, "is the greatest argument of all for President Wilson."

It is true that we are at peace, although our entire army is massed upon the Mexican border, but the extent to which Mr. Wilson is to be credited with our peacefulness is a proper subject of inquiry. Are we at peace because of him and his acts, or in spite of him and his acts? Let us consider. In the first place, no nation has sought a quarrel with the United States. No deed has been done, no word has been said, of direct enmity toward the United States. With nations, as with individuals, it takes two to make a quarrel. There are but two countries with which our relations have been strained during the administration of Mr. Wilson. The acts of Germany which incurred our displeasure were committed in the course of a war with another nation and were not directed against us. Germany has at no time shown a desire to come into conflict with this country. The only possibility of war with Germany was in consequence of demands coming from us. It was we, not Germany, who were threatening war. But, as a matter of cold fact, President Wilson could not have got us into actual war with Germany if he had deliberately tried to do so. For obvious reasons Germany could not have fought us, and, for reasons equally obvious, we could not have fought Germany, unless we had joined with the allies, an inconceivable possibility. We might have had a theoretical state of war, but not a gun would have been fired, not a drum would have sounded. Mr. Wilson did not keep us out of war with Germany. Circumstances utterly beyond his control or direction attended to that.

Mr. Wilson did not keep us out of war with Mexico. The only danger of war with that country has grown out of the acts of Mr. Wilson himself. At the beginning of his administration nothing was farther from the thought of Mexico than war with the United States. Its people, its intelligent people, realized that the friendship of this country was necessary to their peace and prosperity. A firm demand for the protection of our rights and interests would have been respected and obeyed without recourse to arms, if we had not made that protection impossible by our unwarranted interference in the internal affairs of Mexico. Our blundering, untactful, unjustifiable course during the past three years has made enemies out of those who desired to be our friends, and because of that enmity our troops are arrayed upon the border. The question of war or peace with Mexico is yet to be settled, but if it should be peace, as we earnestly hope, Mr. Wilson will deserve no encomiums for avoiding the consequences of his own errors.

Mrs. Vanderbilt at the Front.

A visit to the French front was recently made by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, "the guardian angel of the American ambulance field service." Mrs. Vanderbilt said she hoped "to hear the cannon." She was not disappointed. A night was passed at a town near the front, and a heavy German bombardment came up. She was awakened by exploding shells and heavy walls collapsing. The din was terrific, and all the Americans rushed for a reinforced cave. Mrs. Vanderbilt, with her hair down her back and wrapper over nightgown, ran downstairs with a pair of flapping slippers on her bare feet. She was as cool as any of the crowd and returned to her room unafraid after the bombardment ceased. Mrs. Vanderbilt was the first American woman to entertain the city of Verdun. She wore a white dress with a red cross upon the arm.

School Principal Dismissed.

The school committee of the town of Bristol gave two hearings this week on the charges preferred against Principal Wallace R. Brown of the Colt Memorial High School, a Newport boy. The charges were to the effect that Mr. Brown had failed to perform the instructions and directions of his superior officers, and that he had shown lack of tact and judgment. Mr. Brown was the only witness in his own behalf and was represented by Judge Mortimer A. Sullivan of this city as counsel. The committee voted that the charges were sustained and dismissed Mr. Brown as principal of the school. It is probable that the case will be carried higher, either to the State commissioner of education or to the courts, or both.

In the event of a general railroad strike, Newport will not be in quite as bad a predicament as some other places. The Fall River Line from New York, the steamers from Providence, and the trolley express from Boston should be able to handle considerable freight, while undoubtedly automobile tracks and passenger cars will be called upon to aid in relieving the congestion. But much inconvenience will be caused and prices will go up rapidly if the strike comes.

Mr. Andrew K. Quinn on Thursday completed fifty years of service with the Newport Gas Light Company, rising from office boy to president of the company.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Miss Mary Hathaway of Milwaukee, who is visiting her aunt, Miss Elizabeth B. Peckham, in Newport was a visitor in town this week. She was a former teacher at the Peabody Annex.

Mr. Edward Corey of Aquinquee avenue, as Middletown's oldest male citizen, became the recipient, on Saturday afternoon, of the ebony gold-headed cane which was sent to the Town Council August 23, 1909, by the Boston Post. This was to be by him presented to the oldest male resident, to be used during his lifetime. The purpose of the gift appears to be a creating of interest in the aged. The Town Clerk, Albert L. Chase, who has been the custodian of the cane, has made three presentations, first to Benjamin Wyatt, who died August 3, 1910, at the age of 82, then to Elsie Charles Peckham, who died in April, 1916, and was in his 93rd year, and lastly to Mr. Corey who is 89. Mr. James E. Wyatt, who was 91, was to have been the first recipient, but died before the date of presentation. Mr. Wyatt held the cane but one year, Mr. Peckham, six years. In endeavoring to ascertain the main reasons ascribed as the causes of long life, Mr. Chase learned that a contented mind, a life full of industry, and a happy home life, formed the leading factors. While not able to do a great deal through failing strength, Mr. Corey continues to be about every day. His sight is good and he much enjoys reading.

Rev. Latta Griswold will officiate for the last time for the summer, on Sunday morning, at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, and will return to New York the following week. He was assisted last Sunday by Rev. John H. Dinnin who has recently returned from Maine, where he has been spending his vacation. During the offertory, Mr. Louis Armstrong, of St. Stephen's Church, Boston, sang, "One Sweetly Solenn Thought."

The two night-blooming cereus plants owned by Mrs. Lydia B. Chase and Mrs. Joel Peckham are having their annual flowering season. This year they have both borne 12 buds, although not all came to full flower. Six blossoms opened on Friday evening and five on Saturday on Mrs. Chase's plant, which is now through blooming for this year. Four buds bloomed Saturday evening and two Sunday evening on Mrs. Peckham's plant and there are still four buds more to mature. To those who have never seen this peculiar plant and its wonderful flowers a visit would repay them, as the flowers are more magnificent than any description could picture. They begin to open about dark, are in full bloom by the middle of the evening, and by sunrise are wilted and limp. Attempts have been made to keep them longer by picking them and placing them in water, but to no avail. Nothing can prolong their beauty but for one evening. They have been viewed each year by many people.

Mrs. Dennis J. Murphy sustained the loss of a big grain stack Sunday evening, at the O'Brien Farm, which was struck by lightning during the thunder storm. Many telephones were put out of commission.

One adult, a woman, and four young men, were baptised and received into full membership Sunday afternoon by Rev. Walter P. Buck, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Four Corners. Four other members of the probationers' class were unable to be present. There was a large congregation, special music and an unusually handsome display of flowers.

Mr. F. Howard Peckham, formerly of Middletown now of East Wadsworth, Conn., with his son, Lefroy Peckham, motored here last week for a short visit among relatives.

The small grocery store on the corner of Aquinquee avenue and Green End, which was built co-operatively by Portuguese, who expected to conduct a business there, has been sublet to a Fall River store-keeper, Luis Louison, who began operations on Friday last.

The engagement is announced of Rev. Edgar S. Brightman to Miss Irma B. Fall of Middletown, Conn. Rev. Mr. Brightman, who is a member of the faculty of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., is well known here where he has many friends. His father, Rev. George E. Brightman, was pastor of the M. E. Church at the Four Corners in 1905, and died here before the expiration of that year. His son supplied the remainder of the year.

The school of the town, with the exception of the Oliphant, will open Tuesday next. The time of opening at the west side is uncertain, probably not before October, as there was some delay in beginning the alterations. The teaching force remains unchanged with the exception of the Paradise School. Miss Carrie W. Sturtevant, who has taught there since 1910, is resigning on account of ill health and is planning to take a year's rest.

By invitation of Mrs. William R. Hunter, a small party of Middletown friends were present Tuesday noon at a flag-raising held upon the grounds of her new estate, formerly the Swinburne property, on Bliss Mine Road. Mr. Robert Sedgwick of Newport made a short address in which he spoke of the special significance of the date, which was the 173rd anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Middletown. He then introduced Mr. John Tew Carr, who, after a few brief words ran the large American flag to the masthead. Luncheon was served upon the lawn. Mrs. Hunter having been assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Louis Lorillard. Several snapshots were taken of the flag-raising by Mr. Lorillard. Among the guests were the members of Mrs. Hunter's Sewing class who have continued to meet with her regularly ever since her removal to Newport. A large working force is engaged in remodeling the house and in improving the grounds.

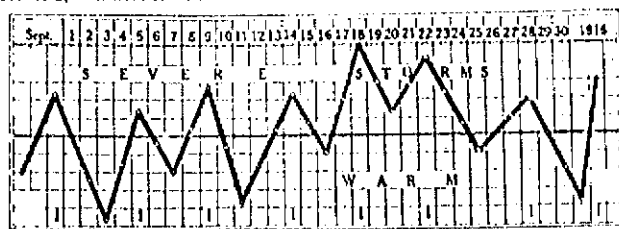
The Mission Study Meetings of the Women's Auxiliary of the Churches of the Holy Cross and St. Mary's will open on Tuesday next, Mrs. John W. McCartney of "Slate Hill Crest," acting as the hostess. Owing to numerous social events there have been several previous postponements.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the board voted to accept the deed to the portion of the Thompson land at the lower end of Thames street for the purpose of rounding off the corner. No order for payment was given however. The other business transacted was of a routine nature.

No bids for supplying coal on orders of the overseers of the poor were received in response to the request of the overseers for proposals.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

September will be cooler than usual, as an average, east of the Rockies and warmer than usual west of the Rockies. In southern sections east of the Rockies temperatures will average much below the normal and somewhat less below normal about and east of the Great Lakes. Between the Rockies and meridian 90 and north of latitude 40, temperatures will average about normal. East of the Great Lakes and in all eastern and southern States east of the Rockies the rainfall of September will be excessive, and from about to below normal east of the Rockies west of meridian 90 and north of latitude 40. Many dangerous storms will occur in September, particularly near the 4th, 9th, 13th, and 21st. Near those dates will occur most rain or threatnings of rain and immediately following those rain dates frosts are expected a little farther south than usual. Coldest parts of September will be from the 1st to 13th and from the 25th to October 2; warmest from the 15th to 24th.



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Treble line represents seasonable normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departure from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Washington, D. C., August 31, 1916.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Sept. 3 to 7, warm wave 2 to 6, cool wave 5 to 9. The cool waves preceding and following this are expected to bring frosts to the middle northwest that will injure late spring wheat and late corn. We have three frost dates for first half of September—near 3, 7 and 11—and expect considerable damage to late crops in northern sections. Unusually severe storms are expected near Sept. 5, 9 and 11, on the continent and a hurricane on gulf of Mexico during the week centering on Sept. 5.

Next warm wave will reach Vancouver near Sept. 6 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. It will cross crest of Rockies by close of September 7, plains sections 8, meridian 90, great lakes and Ohio valleys 9, eastern sections 10, reaching Newfoundland about Sept. 11. Storm wave will follow about one day behind warm wave and cool wave about one day behind storm wave.

Excessive rains are expected during first half of September, most rain near the storm dates of 5, 9 and 11, and these rains will fall principally in southern and eastern states. No excessive rains first half of September in the northwest spring wheat sections, but some rains are expected there that will be important because they will wet the soil before the freeze comes and this is always beneficial to spring wheat crop of following year. Following September

The Bullard Machine Tool company, Bridgeport, Conn., has been granted a building permit to erect a five-story reinforced concrete mill structure. Estimated cost, \$50,000. A porch climber entered the "Arden," the summer home at Andover, Mass., of William M. Wool, president of the American Woolen company, and took jewelry valued at \$1000.

The death of Mike Iwanowski from knife wounds received during a quarrel over a dice game at Salem, Mass., resulted in the arraignment of Steve Pastenak on a charge of manslaughter.

Howard B. Capen, collector for the Eastport (Me.) Water company, was assaulted and robbed in the company's office by a masked man, who escaped after taking Capen's watch and about \$40.

Once a millionaire, Frank M. Bates, the defendant recently in a divorce suit brought by his wife, leaves but \$17,000, according to his will, which was filed for probate at Taunton, Mass.

Bank books showing deposits of \$2550, insurance papers and two \$1000 certificates were found loose in a Boston mail box and returned to a Somerville woman, from whom they had been stolen.

In the will of Edward R. Kimball of Ashland, Mass., is written, "All the money and securities standing to the credit of the charity account on my books belong to God." The will disposes of about \$10,000.

Mayor Curley placed the official ban on merry-go-rounds as a means of amusement in Boston. If they arrive a necessity as a means of entertainment the charge for rides will not be permitted to exceed 2 cents.

Following the finding of his wife dead in bed at her home at Lawrence, Mass., with her jugular vein severed on the left side of her neck, Michael Manning was charged with murder in the district court. He pleaded not guilty.

The Vermont legislature in its two days' special session enacted legislation providing extra payment to soldiers at the border, allowance for their dependents, and extending the right to vote at their posts in the September primaries and the November election.

Mrs. Justin G. Carow, 64, committed suicide at Monson, Mass., by drowning.

Joseph Allaire, a machinist of Boston, owes \$17,216, according to a bankruptcy petition.

While playing on the roof of a house at Boston Elizabeth Francis, 10, fell to the ground and was killed.

Edward Johnnet, a farmer, and a farm hand whose name is not known, were killed by lightning at Palmyra, Me.

Running out from behind a team, Casino Santoro, 6, was struck and killed by an automobile at Beverly, Mass.

The Massachusetts Real Estate exchange announced itself in favor of the "saving daylight" plan of setting the clock an hour ahead.

Secretary Young of the Maine state board of health, says there are no grounds as yet for alarm over an epidemic of infantile paralysis in Maine.

HUSTIS RECEIVER OF LEASED LINES

Action of Federal Courts in Massachusetts and Vermont

Boston, Sept. 1.—President Hustis of the Boston and Maine railway, who was appointed temporary receiver of the road in the United States district court, received more railroad receivership appointments yesterday. In the federal district court he was made temporary receiver of the Connecticut River road and in the United States court at Montpelier, Vt., he was named to take charge of the affairs of the Vermont Valley line. Judge Howe in the latter court also named Hustis temporary receiver for the Boston and Maine properties in that state.



JAMES H. HUSTIS

No objections to the appointments were made. Hustis' personal bond for \$100,000 was accepted without surety, as he is under a \$100,000 bond in the Boston and Maine case. The Byrne and Clendenen road, named as the technical defendant in the Connecticut River case, filed a reply to the suit in which it identified its willingness to have a receiver appointed.

Britain's Losses in August
London, Sept. 1.—It is officially announced that the British casualties, killed, wounded and missing, on all the fighting fronts in the month of August totalled 4711 officers and 134,284 men.

NEWS CONDENSED FOR BUSY READERS

Happenings in Various Parts of New England

Frank H. Ambler, 9, was drowned at Malden, Mass., while swimming. William McMullin, 9, was drowned at Portsmouth, N. H., while bathing.

Michael J. Kalota, aged 2, walked into a "clay pit" at Everett, Mass., and was drowned.

Fire destroyed the farm buildings of Charles W. Shirley near Manchester, N. H., with a loss of \$8000.

Kenneth Cornwell, 3, was struck and killed when he was playing at the railroad tracks at Salem, Mass.

Michael Coleman, 35, a brakeman, died at Boston as a result of injuries received when he fell from a freight car.

Rupert Crockett, 7, of Wakefield, Mass., died from an attack of lockjaw after being kicked in the face by a horse.

Mike Warren returned to Boston after having started a single tax colony in Andorra, the oldest republic in the world.

Benjamin T. Pickard, 55, a merchant and real estate owner, dropped dead of heart disease in his store at Haverhill, Mass.

Counterfeit half dollars. See imitations of the genuine, are in circulation around Arlington, Lexington, Bedford, Billerica and Lowell, Mass.

Guy Small, under arrest in connection with the murder of Mrs. Emma Turnbull, was held at Bar Harbor, Me., without bail for the action of the grand jury.

Boston was the fifth city in order for postal receipts in July, the city leading Boston being New York, Brooklyn, Detroit and Chicago, in the order named.

Practically all of the summer season in Maine, which have at the present time some 1500 or more fine boys in attendance, have announced an extension of time.

Fears that the waters of Walden lake, the only swimming place at Fitchburg, Mass., has, and when thousands bathe in the swimming pool, has caused a scare.

Guy Murelle was elected chairman of the executive committee of the Massachusetts division of the National Security League following the resignation of Charles H. Cox.

Dr. William H. Baker, 11, general of the Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., a member of the army and navy in the Civil War, died at his home at Lynn, Mass.

The New York State Legislature, in its session, closed its session with arrangements with the state of New York. John R. McKim, a New York, Mass., was elected president.

Deaths.

Drowned in Newport Harbor, August 25, Frederick W. son of Henry and Catherine Keenan, aged 18 years and 11 months. In this city, 5th ult., Hannah Swenson, aged 72 years. At North Andover, N. H., 22d ult., Richard E. son of Daniel P. and Mary C. Union, of this city. In Middletown, 25th ult., Mrs. Anne H. Smith, aged 88 years, 1 month and 11 days. In Freetown, 25th ult., Henry Clay Osborn, in his 74th year. In North Kingstown, 25th ult., Mary A. widow of Robert Sherman, in her 87th year. In Warren, 25th ult., Emma, widow of Charles S. Sisson, in her 73rd year. At Englewood, N. J., August 18, 1916, Sarah Gibbs Cabonne, daughter of the late Rev. William Cabonne of New York City and widow of Richard Haines Johnson.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, SEPTEMBER, 1916

STANDARD TIME											
sun rises	sun sets	moon rises	moon sets	high tide	low tide	moon age	moon phase	moon age	moon phase	moon age	moon phase
5:51	5:11	6:45	8:12	10:15	10:32	2	☾	11	☾	11	☾
5:49	5:11	6:40	8:10	10:11	10:17	3	☾	12	☾	12	☾
5:46	5:10	6:35	8:08	10:08	10:13	4	☾	13	☾	13	☾
5:43	5:09	6:30	8:06	10:05	10:10	5	☾	14	☾	14	☾
5:40	5:08	6:25	8:04	10:02	10:07	6	☾	15	☾	15	☾
5:37	5:07	6:20	8:02	10:00	10:05	7	☾	16	☾	16	☾
5:34	5:06	6:15	8:00	9:57	10:02	8	☾	17	☾	17	☾
5:31	5:05	6:10	7:58	9:55	10:00	9	☾	18	☾	18	☾
5:28	5:04	6:05	7:56	9:52	9:57	10	☾	19	☾	19	☾
5:25	5:03	6:00	7:54	9:50	9:55	11	☾	20	☾	20	☾
5:22	5:02	5:55	7:52	9:47	9:52	12	☾	21	☾	21	☾
5:19	5:01	5:50	7:50	9:45	9:50	13	☾	22	☾	22	☾
5:16	5:00	5:45	7:48	9:42	9:47	14	☾	23	☾	23	☾
5:13	4:59	5:40	7:46	9:40	9:45	15	☾	24	☾	24	☾
5:10	4:58	5:35	7:44	9:37	9:42	16	☾	25	☾	25	☾
5:07	4:57	5:30	7:42	9:35	9:40	17	☾	26	☾	26	☾
5:04	4:56	5:25	7:40	9:32	9:37	18	☾	27	☾	27	☾
5:01	4:55	5:20	7:38	9:30	9:35	19	☾	28	☾	28	☾
4:58	4:54	5:15	7:36	9:27	9:32	20	☾	29	☾	29	☾
4:55	4:53	5:10	7:34	9:25	9:30	21	☾	30	☾	30	☾

Moon's 1st, Sept. 1 9:25m. Evening
Full Moon Sept. 11 9:31m. Evening
Moon's last Sept. 19 12:45m. Morning
New Moon Sept. 27 12:45m. Morning

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport, on visiting here, or in the city, then select often regarding tenements, home-farm and unfurnished, and farms or sites, for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT.

12 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.
Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1890 and he is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and a Notary Public. He has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Cottages.

"What Congress has done concerning a Government Armor Plant"

and what people are thinking about it

as reflected in Editorial Comment

This is the first article we have prepared. We shall be glad to send a copy free to any one interested.

Bethlehem Steel Co.
South Bethlehem, Pa.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

J. D. JOHNSTON,
Architect and Builder.

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General Building, Masonry, etc.,
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WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring to have water

supplied to their residence or place of

business, should make application to the

City Engineer's Office, 302 Thames Street, and

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

GUY NORMAN, Treasurer.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka

Harness

Oil

Mica

Axle

Grease

Sold by Dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York

Is Your

Business at

A Standstill?

Let Us FIX UP a

NICE LITTLE

CIRCULAR For You

We'll Guarantee

Results

IT PAYS TO

ADVERTISE

ELECTING A PRESIDENT



LINCOLN.

Nation
Rent
by Slavery
Issue
in
1860.

THE election of 1860 found the country on the verge of civil war. The abolitionists were members of the Republican party, and in the convention Lincoln defeated William H. Seward of New York. Lincoln was not an abolitionist in the strict sense of the word. He later wanted the government to buy all the slaves. The "Douglas Democrats" nominated Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, who likewise was in favor of prohibiting the further extension of slavery. J. C. Breckinridge of Kentucky was the candidate of the other branch of the Democratic party, while John Bell of Tennessee was the candidate on the Union ticket. Lincoln defeated George B. McClellan of New Jersey in 1861. (Watch for the election of Grant in 1862 in our next issue.)

THE HOUSE WREN.

A Good Little Friend That Should Be Protected From Sparrows.

A little friend worth having is the wren. During its working hours it will pry into nooks and crannies about the garden and orchard, picking up grasshoppers, spiders, beetles, thousand-legged worms—anything which isn't too big for it to carry off. When it is through work it will perch on the front porch of its little home, lift its head and sing a warbling little song that will delight your heart.

It is called the house wren because it prefers a little box house for its home. A generation ago it built a nest in holes in trees, in hollow fence rails or even in an old hat. Then came the sparrow, and the wren's nest was raided. Since then the wren's only refuge is in a nest which has a door too small to admit its enemy, the sparrow. If you want the wren to spend a summer with you build a house with a door not more than an inch in diameter. This will let the sparrow and give the smaller bird easy entry.

Years of continuous fighting against the sparrows has given the wren a temper like a spoiled child. It ruffles its feathers at the slightest interruption. When it has its own way, with a good home and plenty to eat, it is as cheerful as a Sunday school picnic. Philadelphia North American.

Feats of Endurance.

What is the limit of human endurance?

A bomb thrower has hurled bombs continuously for forty-one hours.

There are numerous striking and more peaceful record-breaking feats. A club swinging champion once swung his club for forty-six hours without a moment's rest.

A young British athlete once swung a blacksmith's hammer for twelve hours on end. Then this same modern Samson labored a punching bag continuously for fifteen hours at the average rate of 145 punches a minute.

A few years ago two Frenchmen walked round and round a Millard table, playing game after game and covering sixty miles for twenty-four consecutive hours.

A band of change ringers once rang the bells of St. Martin's, Birmingham, for eight hours without pausing.

A certain Polish lady danced, with only momentary rests, for thirty-four hours, while an Italian dancer danced for fourteen hours at the rate of eighteen waltzes an hour. London Star.

Devil Worship in Tibet.

The religion inculcated by Buddha had certain cardinal points—the encouragement of the ascetic life, the maintenance of virtue, the exhortation to persons of all castes and both sexes to aim at deliverance from the evils of existence and, lastly, the attainment of Nirvana.

But in Tibet Buddhism has been grafted on to the earlier devil worship of the people, and a religion has been evolved better expressed as Lamaism, or modified devil worship, so that in addition to the Buddhas and Bodhisattas there have also come to be tutelary and guardian deities of a terrifying and malignant aspect, whose duty it is to defend the faith and the faithful people from external attack. These deities are depicted in grotesque and terrible forms in all the monasteries, generally in violently colored fresco paintings at the entrance. — National Geographic Magazine.

Old Enough to Notice.

"Are your papa and mamma at home?" asked the caller. "No," replied little Marguerite. "One of them may be here, but they never are both at home at the same time."

Character.

Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing and may become diseased as our bodies do.

Words and Actions.

"Is he a patriot?" "Yes," said the kind that would be more useful in a school of education than in a training camp. — Washington Star.

Scientific Farming

DIVERSITY AND PROFITS.

Successful Farmers, as a Rule, Have Several Farms in the Field. (Prepared by United States Department of Agriculture.)

The diversity of enterprises making up the farm unit shows an important relation to profit. The successful farm usually has from three to five important sources of income. There are some extraordinary circumstances under which a farmer may find it more profitable to raise only a single crop and even to buy feed to supply his live stock than to engage in diversified farming. These conditions are exceptional, however, and such a farm is always subject to disaster through the failure of that single crop as well as through failure of market conditions.



LIVE STOCK USUALLY HELPS IN FURNISHING CONTINUOUS EMPLOYMENT.

And, further, no single cropping system offers an opportunity for continuous employment throughout the year, while with a diversified agriculture the leisure caused by idle seasons can be largely overcome.

Live stock on the farm usually helps greatly in furnishing continuous employment. Live stock is primarily a method the farmer employs of marketing his produce, and the live stock yield must be equivalent to the market price of the feed or a loss is occasioned, but if live stock yields even a small margin over current prices of feed, yet the labor employed in caring for the stock would be otherwise idle, then the industry becomes highly desirable and contributes to the profits of the farm.

CANNING WITHOUT SUGAR.

Boiling Water Can Be Used For Fruit Instead of Hot Sirup. (Prepared by United States Department of Agriculture.)

Fruit for use in pie or salads or as preserved fruit can be put up or canned without the use of any sugar at all, according to the cunning specialists of the department. They, therefore, advise those who, because of the high price of sugar, have been thinking of reducing the amount of fruit they put up, to can as much of their surplus as possible by the use of boiling water when sugar sirup is beyond their means. Any fruit, they say, may be successfully sterilized and retained in the pack by simply adding boiling water instead of the hot sirup. The use of sugar, of course, is desirable in the canning of all kinds of fruits and makes a better and ready sweetened product. Moreover, most of the fruits when canned in water alone do not retain their natural flavor, texture and color as well as fruit put up in sirup. Fruit canned without sugar to be used for sauces or desserts must be sweetened.

Can the product the same day it is picked. Chill, stem or seed and clean the fruit by placing it in a strainer and pouring water over it until it is clean. Pack the product thoroughly in glass jars or tin cans until they are full. Use the handle of a tablespoon, wooden tangle or table knife for packing purposes. Pour over the fruit boiling water from a kettle, place rubbers and caps in position, partially seal if using glass jars, seal completely if using tin cans. Place the containers in a sterilizing vat, such as a wash boiler, with false bottom or other receptacle improvised for the purpose. If using a hot water bath outfit, process for thirty minutes. Count time after the water has reached the boiling point. The water must cover the highest jar in the container. After sterilizing remove jars, seal glass jars, wrap in paper to prevent bleaching and store in a dry, cool place.

If you are canning in tin cans it will improve the product to plunge the cans quickly into cold water immediately after sterilizing. When using a steam pressure canner instead of the hot water bath, sterilize for ten minutes with five pounds of steam pressure. Never allow the pressure to go over ten pounds.

Green Food For Fowls.

Plant crops for green food during early fall. There are many crops that are satisfactory for this purpose, and they should be planted liberally. The supply of winter eggs will be influenced by the excellent food available for the fowls.

If you would abolish avarice you must abolish the parent of it, luxury. — Cicero.

One bad example spoils a good many excellent prospects.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

CORN EAR WORMS.

Corn ear worm injury can be materially reduced by thoroughly dusting the silk with arsenate of lead. The cost of the treatment is prohibitive for field corn, but in the case of sweet corn the application of arsenate of lead pays because corn that is free from wormy bolls from 5 to 10 cents a dozen ears more than that which is wormy, and for home consumption it is a great satisfaction to have corn that has not been half eaten by ear worms. — Kansas Farmer.

RYE FOR EARLY PASTURE.

Should Be Sown in September, According to Minnesota Bulletin.

In the spring of the year nearly every farmer is confronted with a shortage of feed for his live stock. Rye offers one of the best means of providing for early spring pasture, especially for hogs and sheep.

Few farmers can afford to operate their places, declares a Minnesota bulletin, without at least from one to five acres of winter rye to furnish pasture for their stock early in the spring. Rye will not only furnish good pasture, but will do much to help eradicate weeds. It also offers an opportunity for growing another forage crop, like fodder corn or millet, on the same field later in the season.

Rye for spring pasture should be sown during the early part of September, and in no case later than the first of October. In order to live through the winter it must get a good start before cold weather sets in. The land should be plowed deep and well prepared before the crop is sown. A good seed bed is essential, as this crop may suffer for the want of moisture and from a severe winter. A good start in the fall will do much to put it through the winter in good shape.

The rye for pasture should be sown at the rate of about two bushels per acre with a grain drill and harrowed several times after the grain is sown.

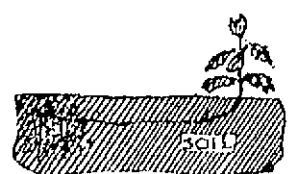
In the spring, as soon as the winter weather sets in, the rye will make rapid growth, and when from six to eight inches high it will be ready for the hogs or sheep. Minnesota farmers have not made as good use of the rye crop for pasture as they should. If you have not already planned to sow a field of rye, give it a trial this year and reap the benefit of this crop as early pasture on your farm.

Willows From Cuttings.

Willows root readily from cuttings of the young wood. The cuttings can be made almost any time in the growing season and set freely in good soil and kept moist will root readily. A good plan is to make the cuttings in the autumn, after the tree from which the cuttings are taken has dropped its foliage. Make cuttings about a foot long and cut at an angle about an inch from the bottom end in the open ground. Then the cut well about the cuttings by tracing on it with the foot. In the spring the cuttings will take root and leaf out early in the season. When well rooted they can be transplanted into nursery rows or set out where they are to remain permanently.

Splendid Tomato Plants.

Tomato plants that are long and spindly can be planted by making a short trench a few inches deep, laying the plant down in the trench. Cover all except just enough of the top left extending out of the ground to make a good sized plant. They will continue



to grow without pause when this is done, and what was a worthless lot of plants or a single plant will grow into stout, sturdy stems. Later plants are often spindly, as they are some times left in the boxes or beds too long. This method may be recommended for the home garden.

TIMELY GARDEN HINTS.

Salads of vegetable oyster can be grown in some places in August for use next spring. Plants growing in the garden may be left out over winter by drawing a little soil up over the row for protection.

A small box of parsley can be grown in the kitchen or cellar for winter use or under the benches in the conservatory. Sow the seeds in the autumn.

Autumn is a good time to set out rhubarb and asparagus roots. Small fruits such as blackberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries and grapes can be set out in the autumn; also fruit and ornamental trees. It is advisable to do this work at this season, when garden work is not pressing, rather than leave it until spring, when garden work is always pressing.

Sprach should be sown in August for autumn use. For winter and early spring use sow in September or early in October. The soil cannot be made too rich and top dressings of poultry manure and nitrate of soda will be beneficial. Sow in drills one foot apart firming the soil well over the seeds. Give thorough cultivation and thin out the plants if they come up too thickly.

Salary of the President.

In the second session of the Sixtieth congress the president's salary was fixed at \$75,000 a year, and in addition he is allowed \$25,000 for traveling expenses, which is practically extra salary, as he does not have to return any of it not used for traveling expenses.

The KITCHEN CUPBOARD

WASH DAY MENU.

MONDAY—BREAKFAST.
Molded Cereal With Flax.
Custard Eggs.
Toast.
Coffee.
LUNCHEON.
Cold Pressed Tongue and Veal.
Potato Salad.
Iced Watermelon.
DINNER.
Purée of Peas.
Broiled Lamb Chops.
Marbled Brown Potatoes.
Lemon Beans.
Roast Beef.
Sliced Peaches.
Iced Coffee.

Choice Pastry.

PEANUT BUTTER BISCUITS.—A cupful flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half cupful peanut butter, one-half cupful milk.

Utensils: Bowl, two measuring cups, teaspoon, spatula or knife, flour sifter, bakepan.

Directions: Sift flour, baking powder and salt into bowl, add peanut butter and rub in very lightly. Add milk; put on floured board and roll out one-half inch thick. Cut with small biscuit cutter. Brush top with milk. Put in hot oven and bake ten to twelve minutes.

Drop Cakes.—Three tablespoonfuls shortening, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful milk, two eggs, two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, pinch of salt.

Utensils: Bowl, two measuring cups, teaspoon and large spoon, flour sifter, muffin tin.

Directions: Cream sugar and shortening together, add milk slowly, then the well beaten egg. Sift flour, baking powder and salt and add to the mixture. Mix well. Brush muffin tin with a little melted lard, put a spoonful of the mixture into each and press a rubber or current into each. Bake in hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes.

Chamion Rolls.—When it is desired to mold bread for buns, take one loaf on a molding board, roll out to nearly a quarter of an inch thick, spread quickly with butter, brown sugar, white sugar and cinnamon. Roll up and cut off one and one-half inch pieces. Have considerable melted fat in a dripping pan, and dip the top of each piece into the fat. Allow them to rise until after the rest of the bread is baked, so that the rolls may be very light. They should be baked for twenty minutes to half an hour.

Anna Thompson

The KITCHEN CUPBOARD

SNAPPY FIVE DOLLAR DINNERS.

TWO dozen round clams at a cent apiece for clam liquor will cost 21 cents; two dozen round clams for a mince entrée, \$1; a three pound piece of pork, a lot of stuffing and baking at 35 cents a pound, \$1.05. A pint of shrimps will be needed for the fish sauce and, ready to hand, will come to 35 cents. For the making of the fish sauce select two two-pound lobsters, costing \$1.20. So much for the fish.

Two slender green cucumbers will be needed to serve with the crab sauce; corn, cost, 10 cents. A twenty-five cent bunch of celery will be the best economy, for it will be needed to serve the hearts with the radishes and some chopped with the salad. A five-cent bunch of parsley will answer for all garnishing. Two bunches of radishes at 10 cents and a large head of salad at 10 cents add 20 cents more. Two bunches of prime asparagus for a vegetable will cost 75 cents, and a quart of new Bermuda potatoes may be had for 15 cents.

For the old-fashioned favorite short cake for dessert three baskets of berries will be needed, and at 25 cents a basket will total 75 cents. This brings the cost of the contents of this basket up to \$9.01, with other things long still in sight.

Now for the filling of another woman's basket who cannot afford luxuries and who must keep her dinner cost a bit lower of \$5.

First there is a twenty-five cent basket of clams for chowder use. They will make, with the additional large radish, a chowder for two diners for a family of four. One and a half pounds of red snapper at 20 cents a pound will cost 30 cents and is to be used for gamelan entrée.

A five pound bluefish to bake will cost \$1.25, but the left over fish will make excellent fried fish in time for next day. A pint of shrimps at 35 cents, two cucumbers at 5 cents each and a head of lettuce at 10 will make the salad. One quart of hot new potatoes will cost 15 cents and be sufficient for two diners. Two bunches of radishes at 5 cents and two bunches of asparagus at 10 cents will do for the relishes. An eggplant at 15 cents and a pound of tomatoes, also at 15 cents, make the baked vegetable course, and peaches will make, when stewed with sugar, filling for tarts.

In actual outlay this brings the cost of the contents of the basket up to \$3.20. With the addition of the pounds of better (10 cents a dozen) at 24 cents and a cream cheese at 10 cents the outlay is \$4.40.

Anna Thompson

Best and Worst.

Dr. Wiley says cabbage is at its best when it is converted into sauerkraut. It is at its worst when it is converted into five-cent cabbages. Houston Post.

We sometimes think that we have battery, but we only have the manner in which it is done. In the battery.

HOW To Wind Watches So They Keep Good Time

YOU cannot secure the best service from a good watch or clock unless you know how to wind it so as to cause the least wear and irregularity in its delicate machinery.

A watch should be wound at the same time every day. If allowed to run down, or even almost do so, and then wound up until it will not wind any farther, it cannot do as perfect work as a watch that is not allowed to run to its full capacity or wound up until it is as tight as it can be made.

If the watch is wound both morning and evening at about the same hour and the key is given only enough turns to wind it a little less than half what it could be wound the watch will run more evenly, wear much longer and keep more accurate time than if it is wound up tight once a day.

A watch spring will last longer if it is wound when there is the least extreme of temperature, and morning and evening are, of course, the best in that respect.

It is more or less dangerous to wind a watch during a heavy electric storm, and it is best to avoid winding while on an electric car.

An eight day clock should be wound twice a week at an regular periods as possible to secure the best results. Never allow the clock to run down, and if possible do not wind it until it is tight.

Learn by experience just how many turns of the key it takes to wind the clock to run eight days, and then when half the week is gone wind the clock by giving the key just half as many turns as it would require to wind it all the way. More accurate time will be had, and it will avoid placing any of the parts on a strain, which is frequently the cause of good clocks giving out in some particular before they have served half as long as they should.

A little attention to this advice will lengthen the life of any watch or clock and make it a better timepiece.

COOLER ICEBOXES.

How to Keep Your Refrigerator Cold Without Extra Ice.

Many people do not keep their refrigerators at the proper temperature. Their economical nature permits the ice to melt away until there is little or no left in the compartment. This is a big mistake, for there is no economy in an empty refrigerator. The more ice you have in it the greater the economy. It is the melting of the ice which makes the refrigerator cold. The colder the refrigerator the more slowly will the ice melt.

Another way to keep the refrigerator cool is to open it as little as possible. It is also advantageous to keep the refrigerator in a cool part of the house. It is difficult to say whether it is more important to keep the refrigerator cool or keep it clean. They are both big essentials in maintaining the health of the family. Every morning the refrigerator should be wiped out to remove the dampness which collects on the sides and affords a splendid place for bacteria growth. Once a week scrub the refrigerator thoroughly with soap water. Change all the corners and the drainpipes well. Fish, cheese, bananas, cantaloupes or any other strong smelling food should be kept well covered if placed in the refrigerator.

HERE'S TO CAMPERS.

How to Build a Campfire For Cooking Purposes.

In the Woman's Home Companion are the following directions for building a camp fire:

If you add the contents of a small bag of charcoal to your wood fire as soon as it has a good start the fire burns with a steady glow conducive to culinary success.

We have a way of building a fire which has proved most satisfactory. With a stick or flat stone dig a trench about eighteen inches long and four inches in depth and width. Build the fire in this, placing two flat stones across the top, one for the frying pan and the other for the kettle. Bacon can be broiled by holding it on the ends of green pointed sticks. Potatoes, corn and apples can be roasted in the same way. One of the chief charms of this fire is that there is little danger of its spreading. Then, too, it can be easily extinguished. Be sure to carry matches and an old newspaper to start the blaze.

How to Mend the Screens Without Hailing a Carpenter.

The broken door or window screen is an eyesore all summer if it is left unmended or the repairing is done clumsily. The neatest way to mend the screen is to cut a piece of wire netting about three inches larger than the hole. Remove the wires around the edge of the patch for half an inch or more, like drawing away the threads from a piece of linen. Bend the wire netting prongs at right angles and fit the patch in place with the wire ends sticking through the screen. Press the patch flat against the larger surface, then on the other side press the ends back to their original position. This secures the patch.

How to Set Hooks in Hardwood Without Splitting It.

To put hooks in hardwood first make a hole with a small gimlet; then slip the handle of a knife or any small steel article through the hole and turn it until it is secure in the wood.

"Franklin Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, sees a strong trend for Wilson in Maine." News Dispatch. Who can blame a man who for three years has been assistant to Joseph Daniels for "seeing things"?

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Notes and queries must be sent to the editor.
4. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.
5. Direct all communications to:

MRS. E. M. TULLY, JR.,
Newport Historical Room,
Newport, R. I.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1916.

NOTES.

Reminiscences of Newport by Dr. Henry E. Turner, 1892. Manuscript in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

The house next Dr. Case's was that of Isaac Gould Esq. It was his residence as well as his place of business, which was a tailoring business established by his father, James Gould, and which was continued in the same place by his sons David and Nathan, for many years after his decease. The house was originally the mansion of Gov. Walter Clarke who was the eldest son of Governor Jeremiah Clarke, an original settler. Gov. Walter having been born in 1640, only two years after the arrival of the first settlers on the island.

The house was narrow, with a gambrel roof, the gable to the street, the entrance to the house being on the South side, by a cart between this and the next building. The whole front of the building was occupied by the store in which Mr. Gould could always be seen, and his son David afterwards, plying their scissors or measuring their customers for garments, the business of ready-made clothing being then unknown or in its infancy, and no depots of that sort of commodity existed in Newport. Both the Messrs. Gould were noted for their close application and untiring industry, and Nathan for his profound knowledge and for the amiability of temper with which he was willing to lighten all enquirers, with his oracular dispensations of wisdom.

Mr. Gould's house was removed, after his death, to Elm Street, where it is still standing, a very ordinary tenement house, like so many other ancient houses, rich in associations with the better classes of our ancestors, not monuments to their virtues, but to our selfishness and greed or improvidence. How much more creditable to us, were they consigned to the flames rather than preserved for the prostitution which awaits them as a rule.

The next building was the property of Mr. Gould and, of course, the courtyard between them as well which formed the mode of access to Mr. Gould's front entrance. After Mr. Gould's death, both buildings were replaced by new and modern buildings, in the north one of which Mr. Gould's sons continued their fathers business. The south building had previously, for many years, been Mr. Edward W. Lawton's dry goods store, and, later, of Cozzens and Lawton until the dissolution of that firm when it became the store of William C. Cozzens and Co., subsisting until Mr. Cozzens' death. Mr. Cozzens was the son-in-law of Mr. Gould. He was Governor of Rhode Island in 1863, having been elected by the General Assembly to complete the unexpired term of Hon. Wm. Sprague, who had resigned, on his election to the U. S. Senate in March, 1863.

(To be continued.)

Queries

5851. CLARKE—William Clarke, of "South Kingstown, R. I., weaver," by deed, dated 25th April, 1750, for £300 purchased from Nathaniel Pollman and wife Susanna, of Charlestown, R. I., one hundred acres of land in Charlestown. He died February, 1752, in Charlestown, leaving a will dated 19th June, 1751; proved 2nd March, 1752; in which he mentions a wife Mary; sons William, Joshua, and Joseph; daughters Alice Card, Mary and Judith. The will was witnessed by Caleb and Elisha Clarke (sons of William Clarke (William; Joseph) and John Seegar and the inventory of his estate was taken by Caleb and Elisha Clarke. His wife Mary and eldest son William were appointed administrators of his estate, their sureties being Silvanus Greenman and Caleb Clarke. The children mentioned in the will married as follows:

Alice Clarke married 26th February, 1746, at South Kingstown Joshua Card.

William Clarke married 26th May, 1754, at Charlestown Bartheba Clarke. Joshua Clarke married Rebecca Mary Clarke married George Clarke, of Charlestown.

Judith Clarke married Job Clarke, ship joiner of Charlestown. Joseph Clarke married Dorcas Sheffield.

The father of the above children, William Clarke, evidently lived in South Kingstown from 1750-1750 when he removed to Charlestown. Who were his parents and in what way was he related to one or the other of the two distinct Clarke families of Newport and Charlestown?

A number of William Clarkes flourished in Rhode Island between the years 1680 and 1750 of whom the following were the most prominent:

William Clarke (Joseph, Joseph) of Westerly, b. 21st April, 1688; married 9th Sept., 1709, Joan Biven, and had; Judith, Susanna, Lucy and William.

Capt. William Clarke (William, Joseph) of Westerly, Charlestown and Richmond, b. 27 May, 1693, at Newport; d. 28 Feb., 1767, at Richmond, married 6 April, 1700, at Newport, Hannah Knight, and had; William Jr., Jonathan, Hannah, Thomas, Ruth, Robert, Judith, Elisha, Caleb.

Capt. William Clarke (Carew, Joseph) of North Kingstown and East Greenwich, b. 1707, d. 27 March, 1749, at East Greenwich; married Ann Green, and had Ann, Catherine, William, Daughter, John, Samuel.

William Clarke (Samuel, Joseph) of Westerly and Richmond, R. I., and Stonington, Conn.; b. 21st May, 1728; married 30 Oct., 1756, Abigail Clarke and had James, William, Mary, Benjamin, Hannah.

William Clarke (William, Joseph) of Westerly b. 23 Dec., 1715,

d. 1st March, 1752, married 13 Nov., 1743, Jemima Vincent and had; William, Nicholas.

William Clarke, Jr. (William, William, Joseph) of Westerly, Charlestown and Richmond, b. 26 August, 1701, at Newport; d. 28th March, 1766, at Richmond; married 4 Sept., 1731, at South Kingstown, Rebecca Wells and had James, Ann, Hannah, William, Gideon, Ruth, Peter, Rebecca, John, Weeden.

William Clarke (Latham, Jeremiah) of South Kingstown b. at Newport; d. 1746, at South Kingstown; married Hannah Watson, and had Latham, John.

William Clarke of Warwick, b. about 1710; married 13 July, 1732, Elizabeth Borne, and had Elizabeth.

None of the above seven William Clarkes seem to be identical with the William Clarke who died Feb. 1752, at Charlestown, R. I., and who clearly must have been born prior to 1708 to have had a daughter Alice married in 1746. Any information concerning this William Clarke which may clear up his parentage and ancestry is desired and a reward will be paid for legal proof of the names of his father and mother.

GEORGE AUSTIN MORRISON,
99 John Street,
New York, N. Y.

BLOCK ISLAND.

Tag-Day for the benefit of the First Baptist Church was held last Wednesday, Aug. 22, and netted nearly two hundred dollars. The Church is grateful to all who in any way aided.

Everyone is glad to see Dr. Gihner with us again; for the first time in many years his practice would not allow him to leave New York until the season had nearly ended.

Hotels are all full and have been since the first of the month. The Misses and Woonsocket are to keep open this year through the month of September.

PHILLIPS.

Any person interested in the Genealogy of the Phillips family in Rhode Island please communicate with H. B. Phillips, 16 California St., San Francisco, California.

Newport Sanitary Protection Association

For house inspection and water analysis, apply to the Corresponding Secretary, 55 Washington Street.

R. I. NORMAL SCHOOL

Announces the opening of the next term on MONDAY, Sept. 11, at 10 a.m. Entrance examination, 8 o'clock, 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. Sept. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 1 Oct., 1 Nov., 2 Dec., 3 Jan., 4 Feb., 5 March, 6 April, 7 May, 8 June, 9 July, 10 Aug., 11 Sept., 12 Oct., 13 Nov., 14 Dec., 15 Jan., 16 Feb., 17 March, 18 April, 19 May, 20 June, 21 July, 22 Aug., 23 Sept., 24 Oct., 25 Nov., 26 Dec., 27 Jan., 28 Feb., 29 March, 30 April, 1 May, 2 June, 3 July, 4 Aug., 5 Sept., 6 Oct., 7 Nov., 8 Dec., 9 Jan., 10 Feb., 11 March, 12 April, 13 May, 14 June, 15 July, 16 Aug., 17 Sept., 18 Oct., 19 Nov., 20 Dec., 21 Jan., 22 Feb., 23 March, 24 April, 25 May, 26 June, 27 July, 28 Aug., 29 Sept., 30 Oct., 31 Nov., 1 Dec., 2 Jan., 3 Feb., 4 March, 5 April, 6 May, 7 June, 8 July, 9 Aug., 10 Sept., 11 Oct., 12 Nov., 13 Dec., 14 Jan., 15 Feb., 16 March, 17 April, 18 May, 19 June, 20 July, 21 Aug., 22 Sept., 23 Oct., 24 Nov., 25 Dec., 26 Jan., 27 Feb., 28 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